

# STARBLAZER

12p

AUS 40c NZ

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No.11

## THE PURPLE PLANET







# STARBLAZER

Out deep  
in the far reaches  
of infinity, many strange life  
forms exist. Some insular, some peace-  
ful, some aggressive, some inquisitive, and some  
you can't comprehend. This is the story of three life forms,  
one human, one aggressive and one from the Purple Planet.

# THE PURPLE PLANET

CAPTAIN! THAT  
DRAK SHIP IS  
ATTACKING US.

VERY OBSERVANT OF  
YOU, SENATOR SAMSON!

EARTH WAS THE GALAXY'S PEACE-KEEPER, AND SEVERAL SENATORS WERE ABOARD SOL-3 TO ARBITRATE IN A LONG-STANDING WAR BETWEEN DRAK AND PROTA. BUT A DRAK SHIP OPENED FIRE ON THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION.



THEY CAN'T DO THAT, CAPTAIN! WE CARRY NEUTRAL MARKINGS. WE'RE HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

STATUS REPORT... WE'VE LOST THE THRUSTER. WE CAN'T REPAIR IT IN SPACE—WE'LL HAVE TO LAND.



SOL 3'S CAPTAIN IGNORED THE SENATOR.

I SHALL MAKE A FORMAL PROTEST.

IF THE DRAK ARE IN THIS AREA, THEY MUST HAVE A BRIDGEHEAD ON PROTA. WE'LL HAVE TO RISK A LANDING—PROTA'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

AYE, AYE, SIR.



A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES AWAY, THE FREIGHTER "STARBINE" WAS HEADING TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION. ITS CAPTAIN — NEWLY QUALIFIED — LIEUTENANT SIMEON.

YOU KNOW, PUTE, I NEVER THOUGHT SPACE WOULD BE SO BORING!



I AM A COMPUTER, SIR. I FIND NOTHING BORING.

THE SHIP'S AUTOMATIC! YOU COULD FLY IT! IT'S NOT HOW I IMAGINED IT AT NAVAL COLLEGE. I'M GOING TO BED.















A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION ROCKED SOL 3.





A PIECE OF WRECKAGE TORE A HOLE IN STARBINE'S HULL.

ATTENTION! DAMAGE TO OUTER  
SKIN. CLOSING ALL PRESSURE DOORS.

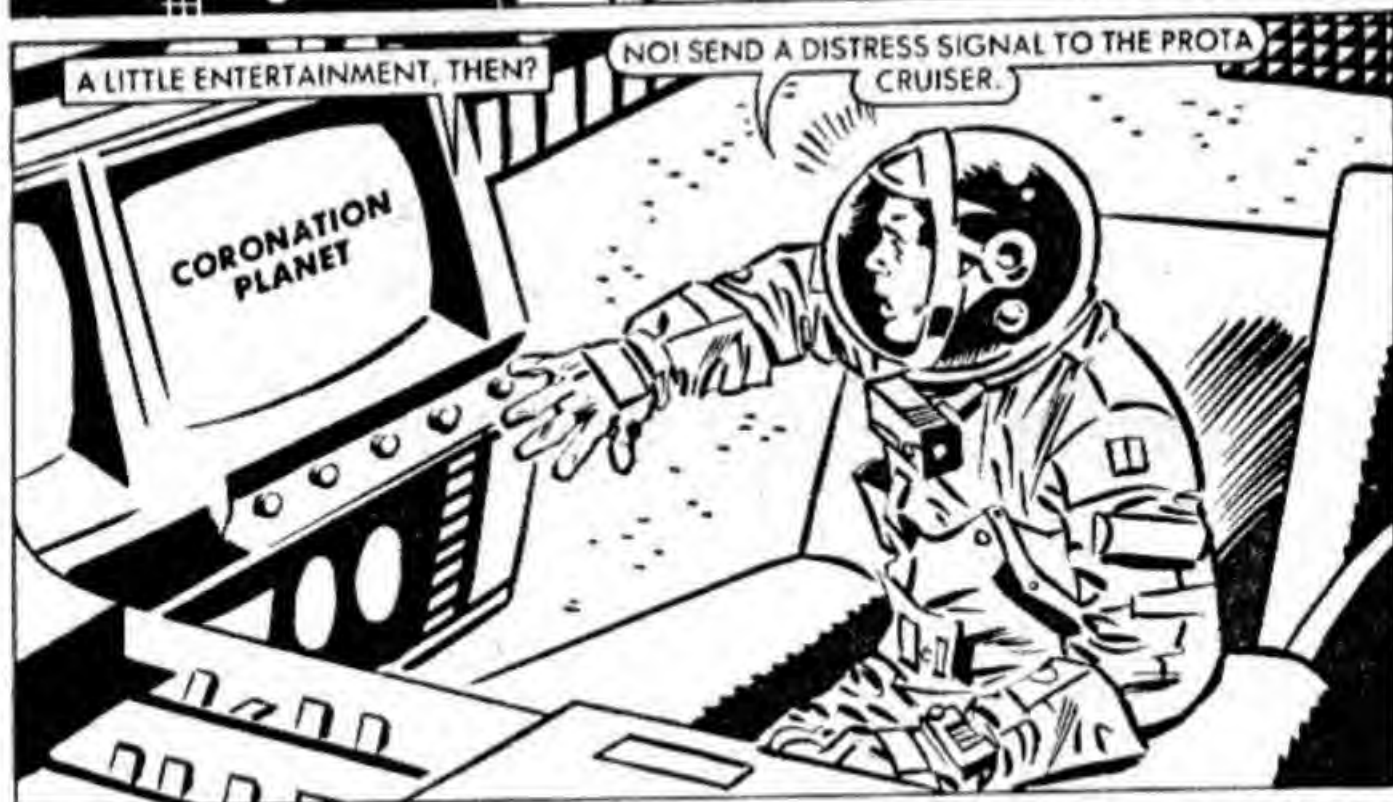
DAMAGE REPORT: CARGO INTACT.  
STARBOARD ENGINE IMMOBILE.  
PRESSURE LOSS ARRESTED. ARTIFICIAL  
GRAVITY GENERATOR MAY HAVE  
SUSTAINED DAMAGE.

I WOULD NEVER  
HAVE GUESSED.





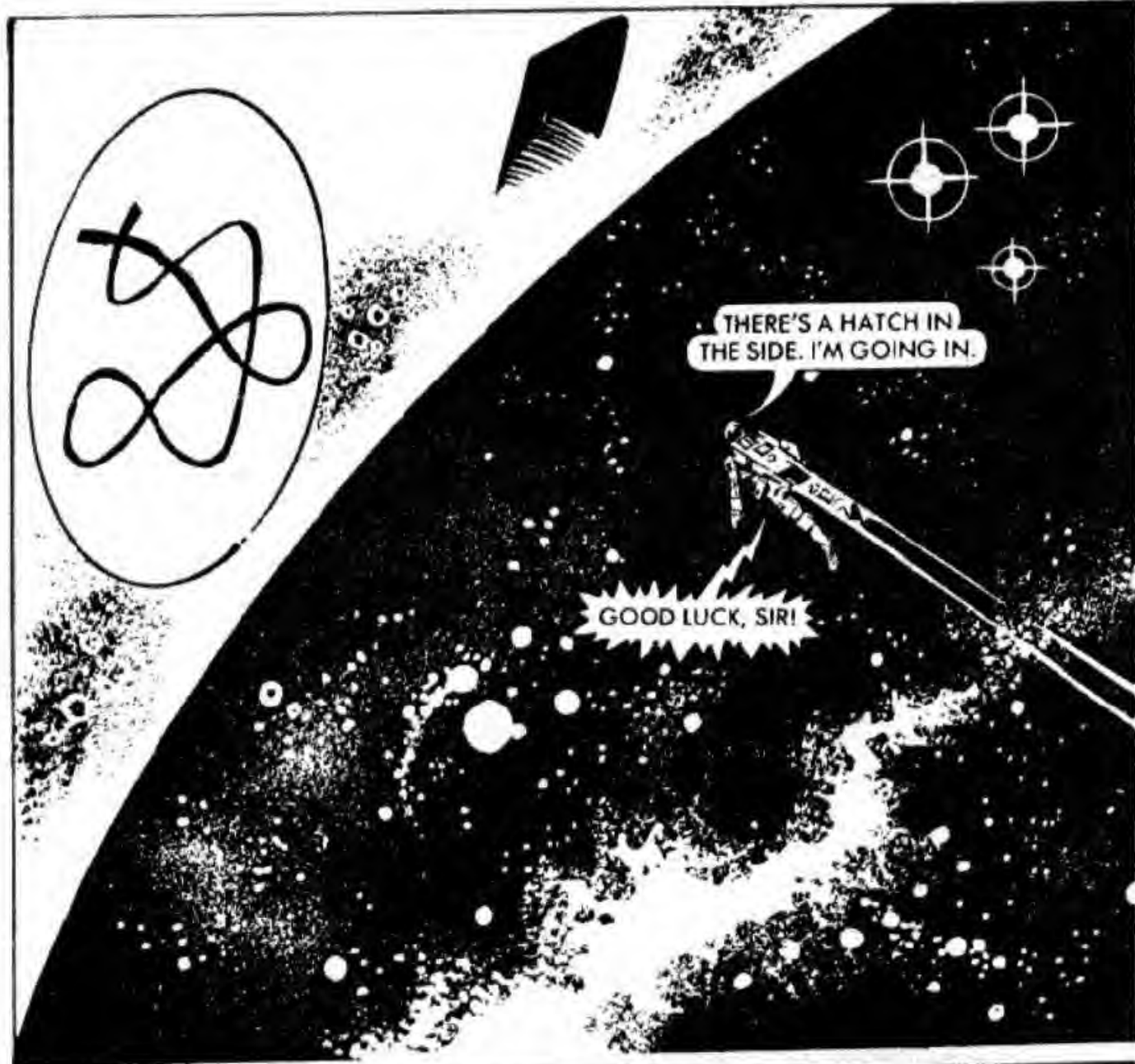




AFTER SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS SIMEON  
DECIDED TO JET OVER.









THE PROTA SHIP LURCHED.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, YOU OVERGROWN BEANCAN, BUT—HEY, THE SHIP'S ROLLING!



WHAT'S HAPPENING  
OUT THERE, PUTE—

THE CRUISER'S HEADING FOR  
THE SURFACE OF PROTA. IT'S  
PULLING STARBINE DOWN. BY THE  
WAY, SIR, THE PLANET IS PURPLE  
... EVEN THE VEGETATION.

AT LEAST WE'RE GOING IN THE  
RIGHT DIRECTION! KEEP ME  
INFORMED. I'M GOING TO SEE IF  
I CAN FIND ANY OF THESE PROTA  
OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.

BUT SIMEON'S SEARCH PROVED FRUITLESS.

IS THERE ANYBODY AT ALL IN  
THIS LOUSY SHIP? I MUST HAVE  
WALKED MILES!



SECONDS LATER.

WE'RE LANDING, SIR.

I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE THE ONLY GUEST AT A FUNERAL — MY OWN. HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS THING?











SIMEON DIVED FOR COVER.

THEY'RE NOT PEACEFUL!  
THEY MUST BE DRAKS!



COME OUT, PROTAN SCUM.

THEY THINK I'M A PROTAN!  
THEY CAN'T HAVE SEEN  
ONE, EITHER!

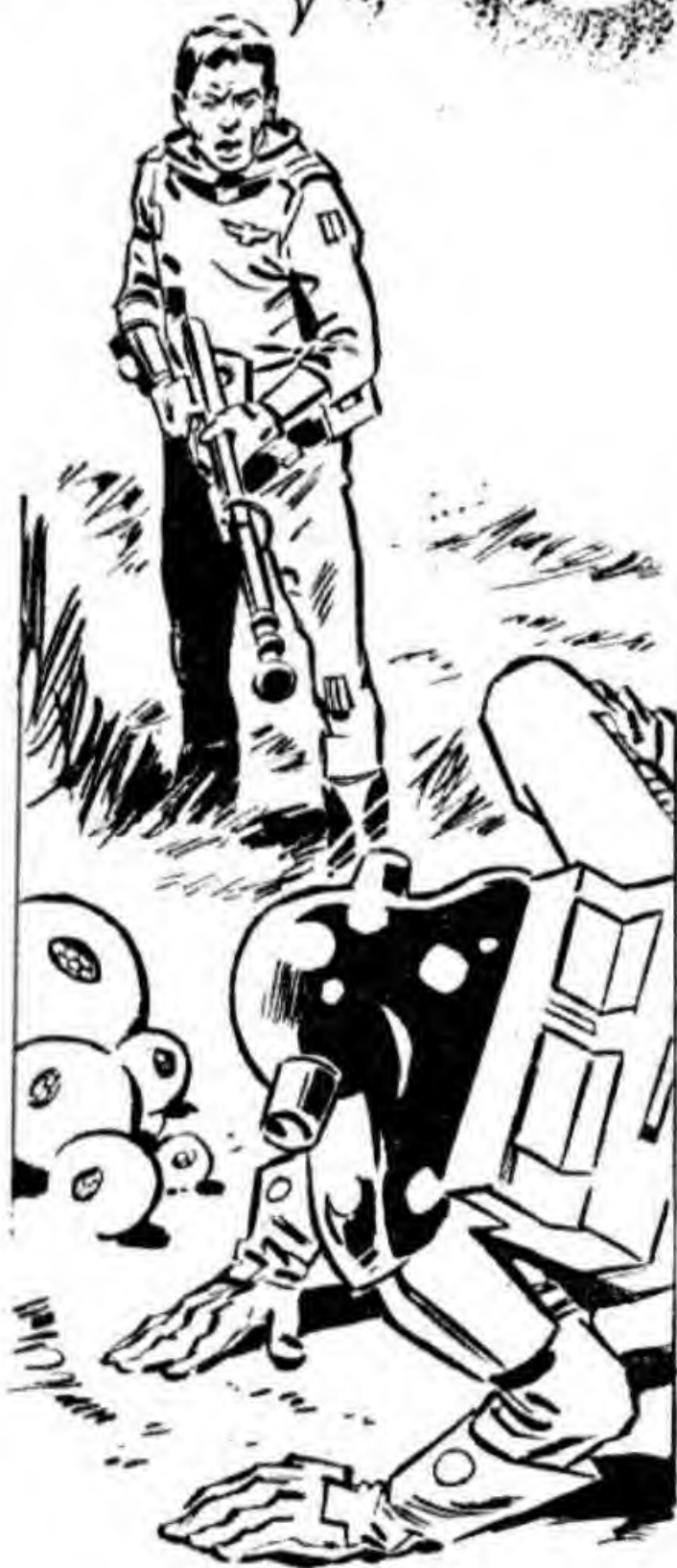




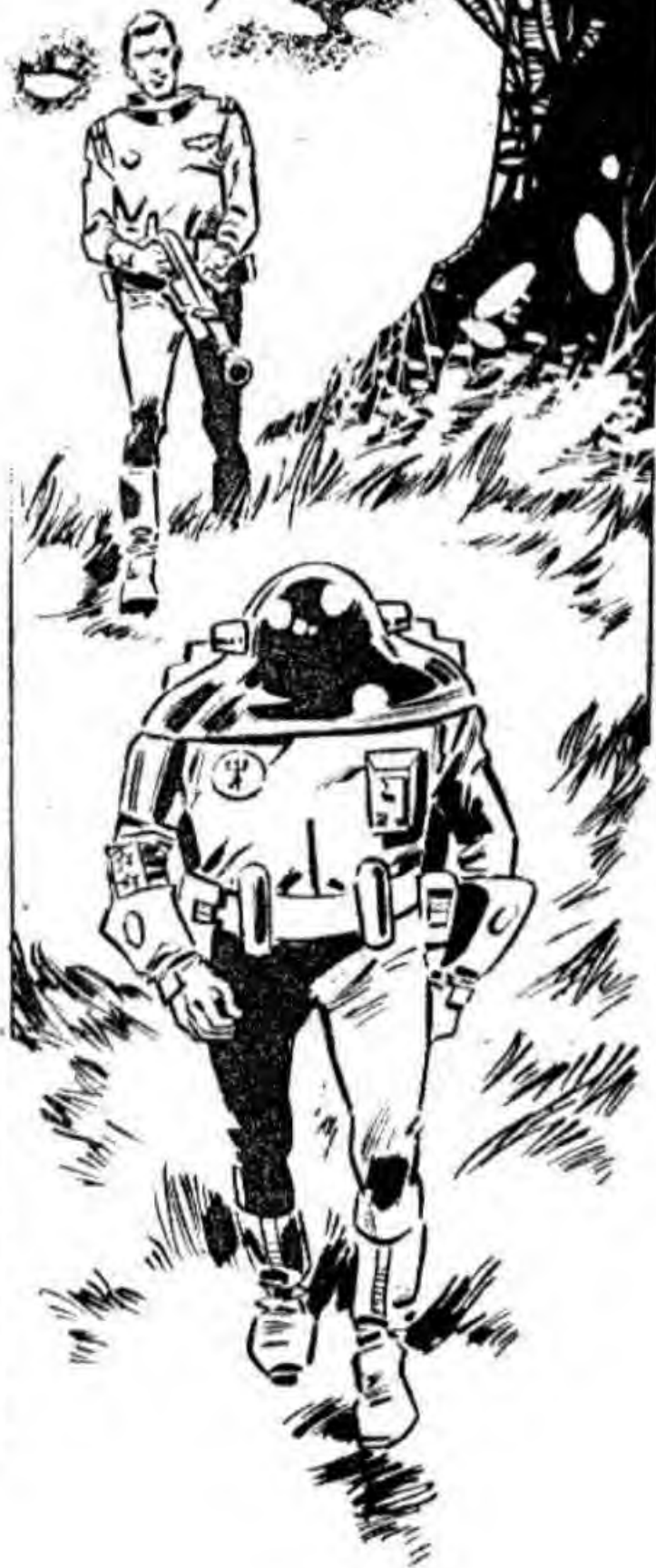




RIGHT, DRAK! UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO BE TURNED INTO  
CHARCOAL, TAKE ME TO YOUR  
SCOUTSHIP.



YOU MUST HAVE ONE, YOU'RE  
TOO FAR AWAY FROM CIVILISATION  
TO WALK! FOR THE RECORD, I'M NO  
PROTAN, I'M AN EARTHMAN!  
GOT IT? GET WALKING!













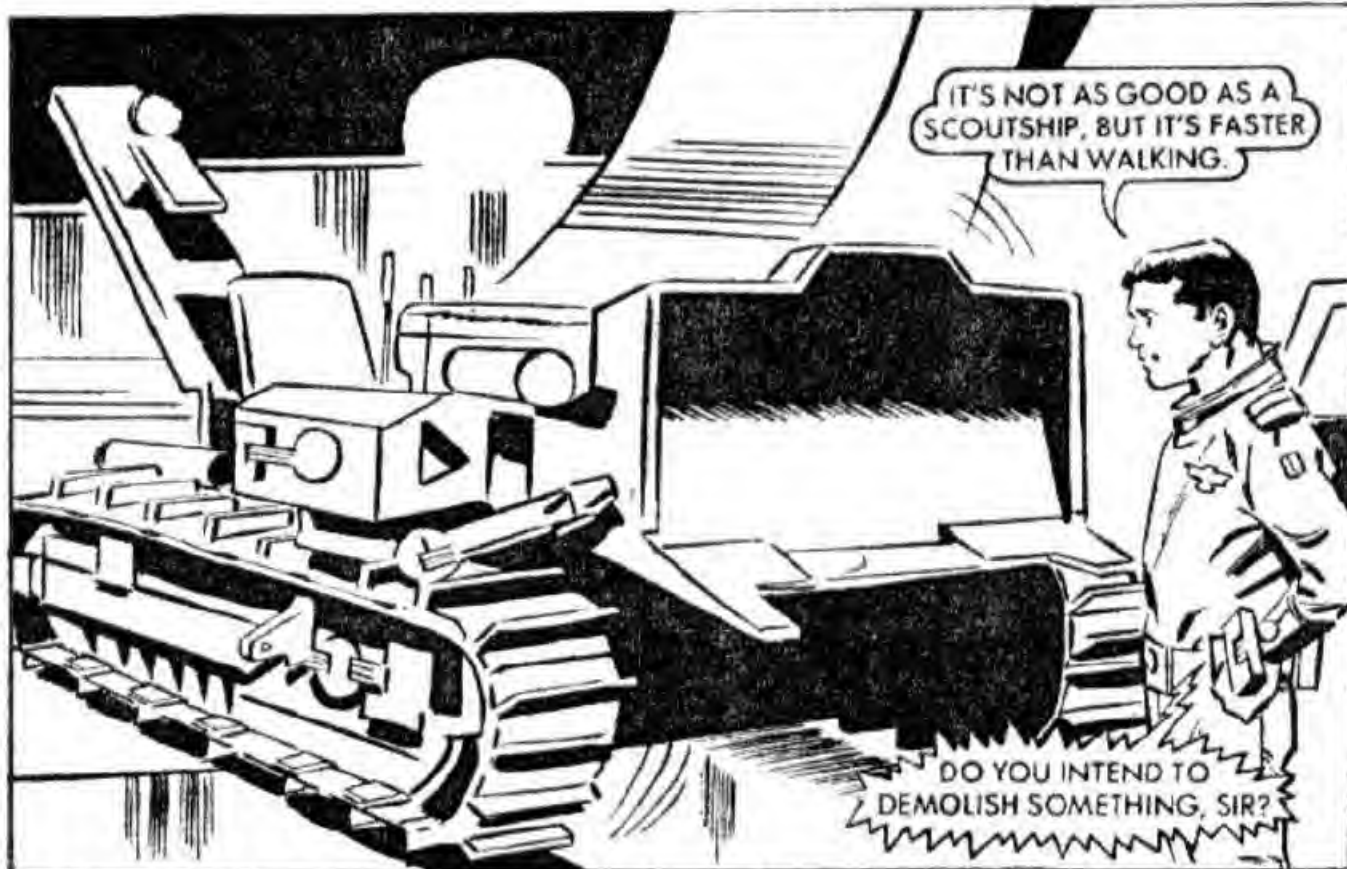














THE OTHER DRAK HAD REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE ALIEN IS TRAVELLING IN  
A LAND VEHICLE. SEND  
SCOUTSHIPS TO DESTROY  
HIM.

NO SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL.  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

THERE WAS LIFE ... AND DEATH.

THE PLANT ... IT'S ALIVE ...






BUT THE SCOUTSHIPS WERE ON THEIR WAY.





YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING! THEY'RE FIRING EXPLOSIVE PLASMA BOLTS.



WOW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THE BLADE! IT'S TITANIUM ALLOY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



I'M NO MATHEMATICIAN, BUT I RECKON IF I CAN GET THE ANGLE OF THE BLADE JUST RIGHT...







A THUNDEROUS ROAR BEHIND HIM  
ANSWERED HIS QUESTION.





NO SOONER HAD HE BOARDED THE  
PROTAN CRUISER, THAN IT TOOK OFF.

IT'S LIFTING OFF AGAIN... ALMOST  
AS IF IT WERE WAITING FOR ME!

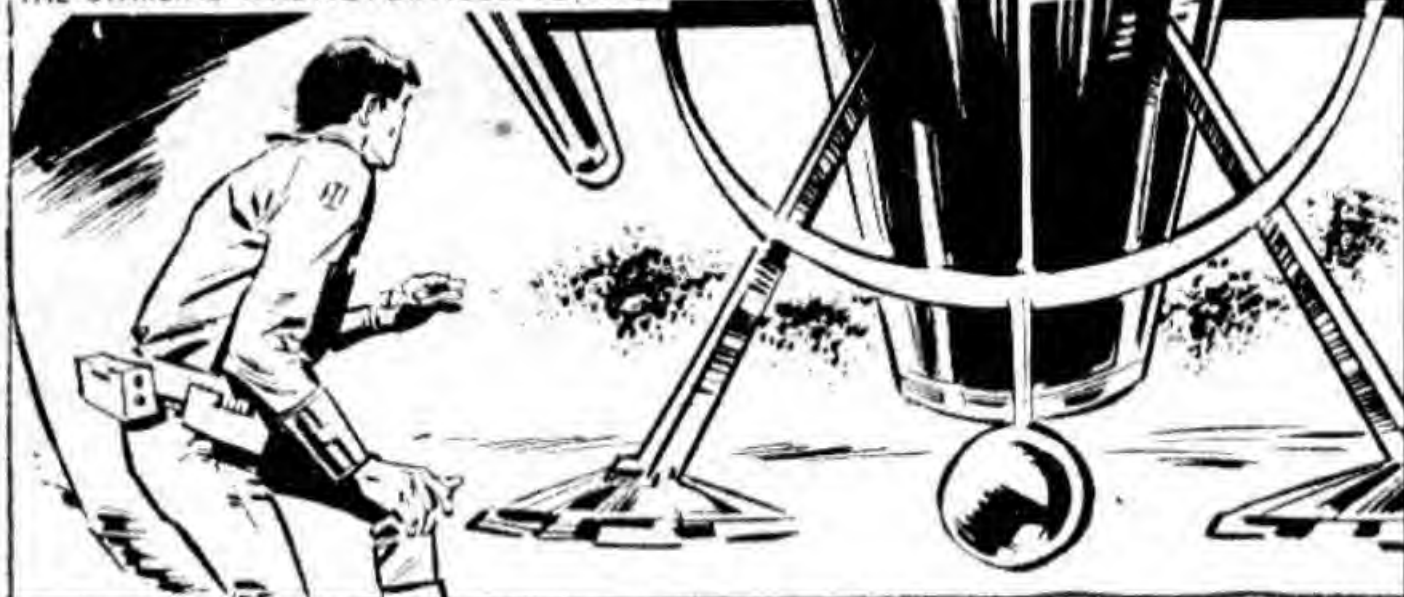


THE CRUISER IS TAKING THE  
STARBINE UP INTO ITS  
HOLD, SIR. ANY  
INSTRUCTIONS?





THE STARBINE WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND.



YES, SIR. THE TRACE IS FAINT, BUT IT SEEMS THERE ARE FOUR DRAK SHIPS FOLLOWING THE CRUISER. BY THEIR SIZE AND SPEED, I COMPUTE THAT THEY ARE FRIGATES.



THANKS A BUNCH, PROTA. THAT'S ALL I NEEDED! A DISABLED SHIP, A LOST CARGO, A RESCUE MISSION I CAN'T FOLLOW THROUGH AND NOW FOUR DRAK FRIGATES AFTER MY NECK!

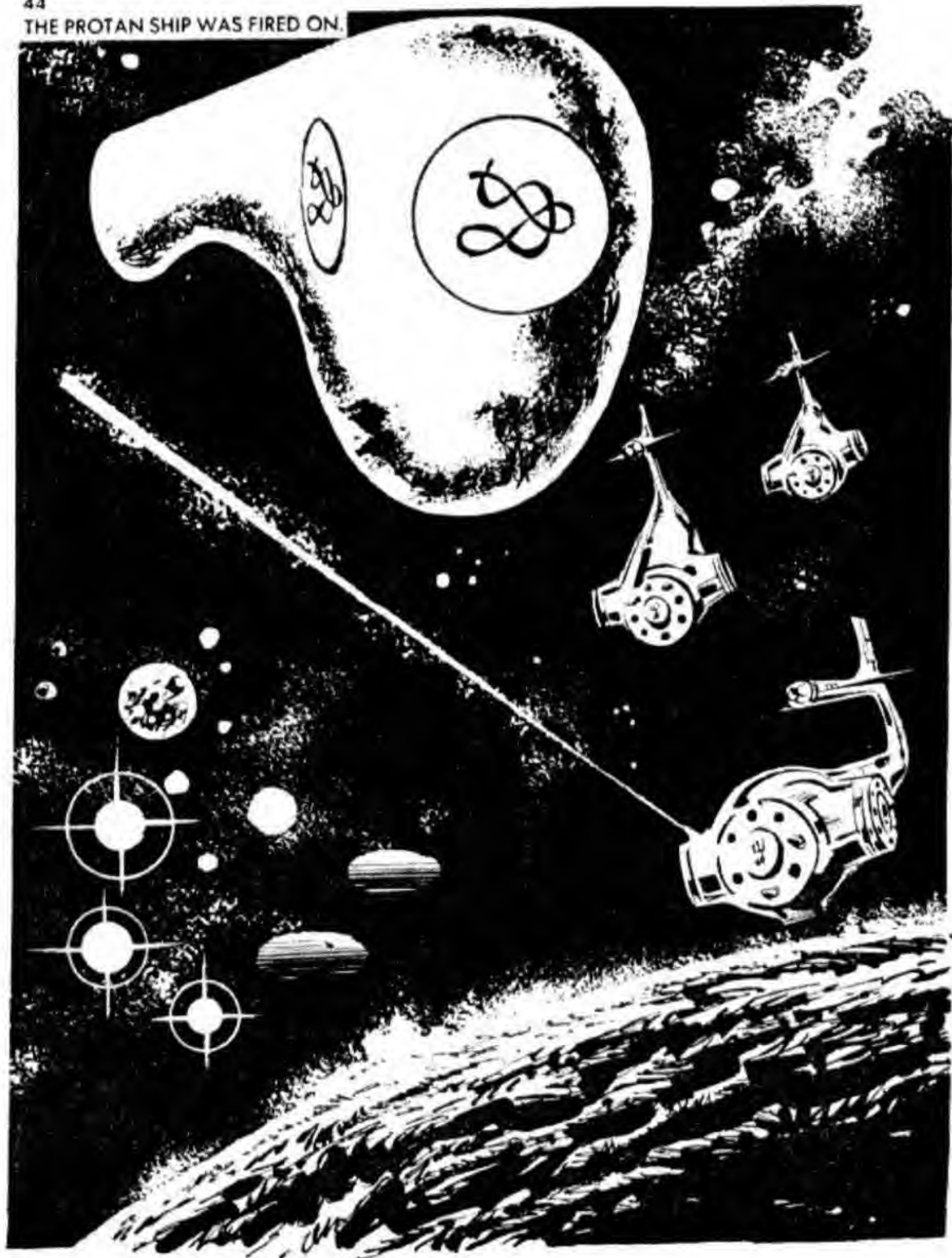
WE, THE PROTA SALUTE YOU, EARTHMAN. THERE IS NO REASON FOR FEAR OR DISTRESS. BEFORE MANY REVOLUTIONS HAVE PASSED THE DRAK MENACE WILL BE GONE FROM US. REST WITH US, AND ALL WILL BE WELL.



SO, THEY SPEAK ... BUT WHERE ARE THEY?



THE PROTAN SHIP WAS FIRED ON.







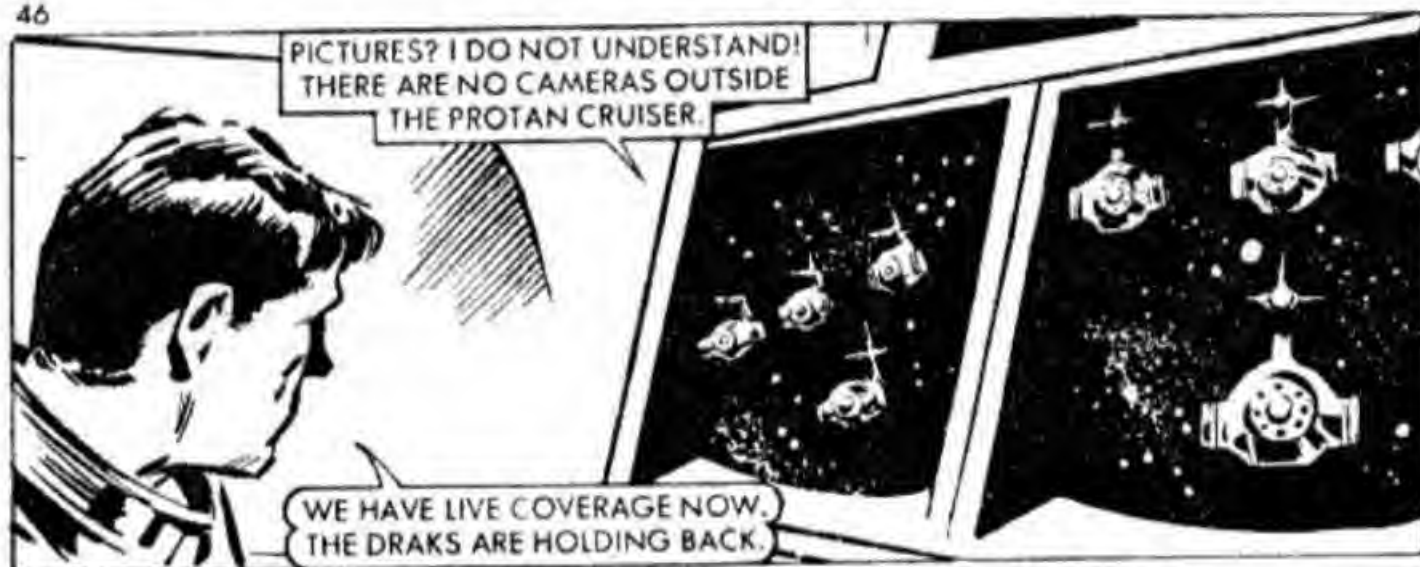
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! CAN'T YOU  
GET ME A PICTURE, PUTE?

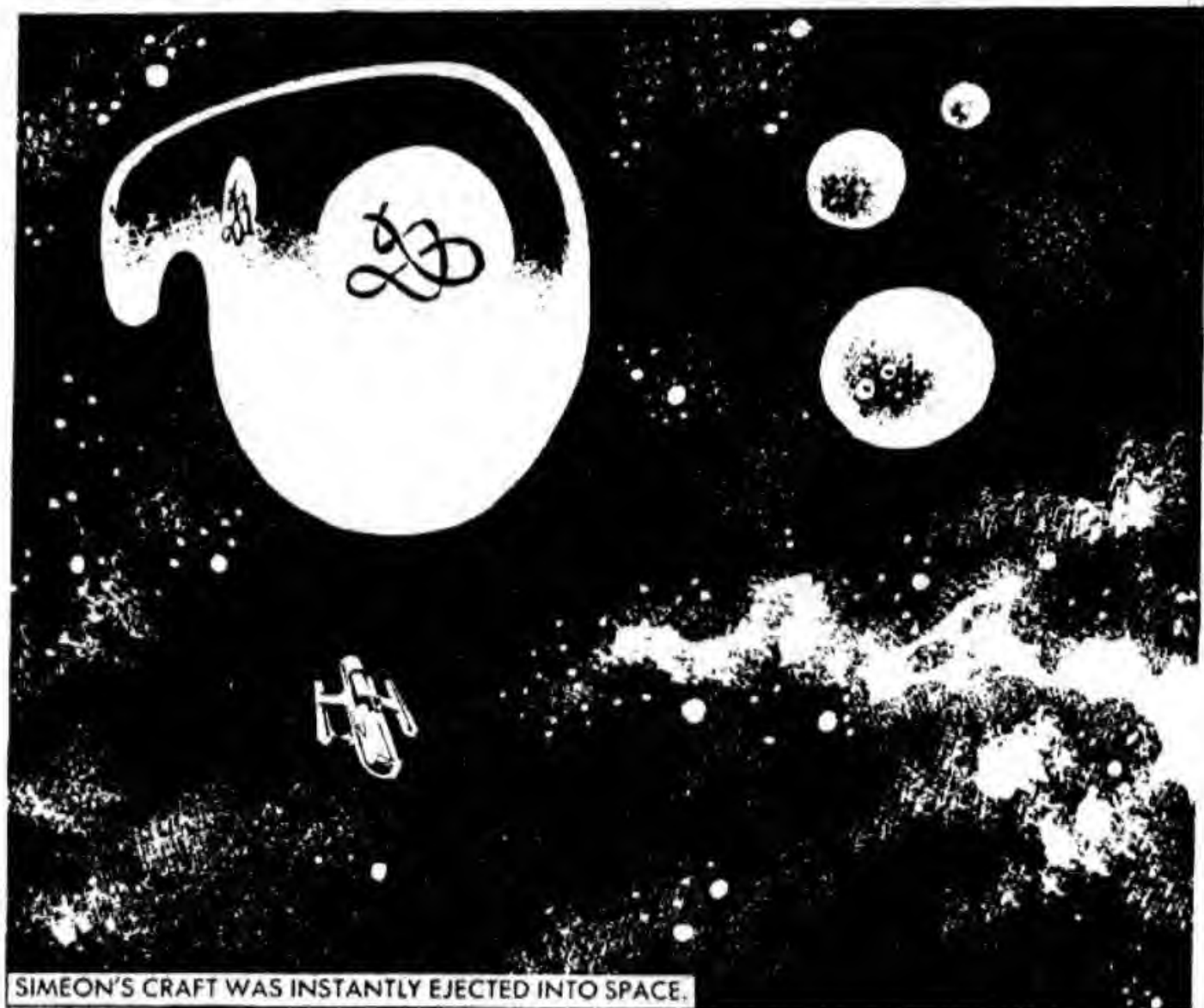
SORRY, SIR. THE BEST I CAN OFFER  
IS A RATHER FUZZY RADAR TRACE.

THE PROTAN SHIP SIDESLIPPED A  
DRAK PLASMA BOLT.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF  
THIS! HEY! PROTA! CAN  
YOU HEAR ME? LET ME  
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

I FEAR THAT WILL  
BE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR.

















AND WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DON'T GET THE PRISONERS FREED?

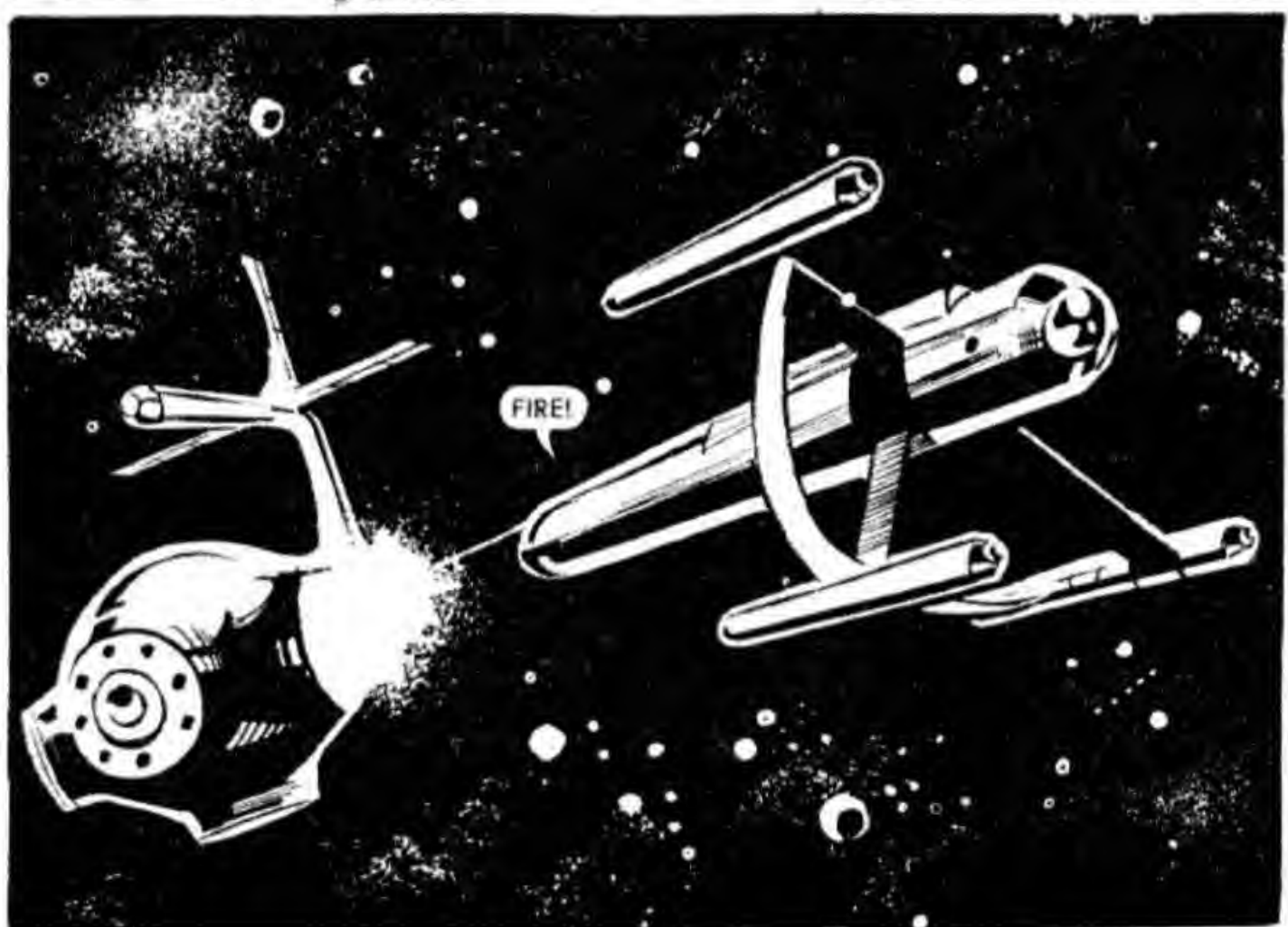


WE GO IN, BLASTING!




BLASTING? BLASTING WHAT? THE POWER WE'VE GOT WOULDN'T PRODUCE A GOOD RASPBERRY!


DON'T WORRY, PUTE! WE'LL SURVIVE.



THE FEEBLE BLAST HARDLY WARMED THE SURFACE OF THE DRAK FRIGATE, BUT IT DRAINED ALL THE POWER RESERVES FROM THE STARBINE.



THAT'S IT! ALL THE POWER'S GONE. PUTE'S GONE DEAD, AND BY THE LOOK OF THOSE NUCLOTRONS IT'S MY TURN NEXT!



WHAT A WAY TO GO! DEFENCELESS, BUT AT LEAST I TRIED!


WFC  
AIR





THE LUMBERING FRIGATES COULD NOT MANOEUVRE FAST ENOUGH TO SIGHT ON THE TINY FIGHTER SHIPS.





THEY'RE MAKING SHORT  
WORK OF THE DRAKS.

THE DRAKS ARE EVEN HITTING EACH OTHER  
TRYING TO GET THE FIGHTERS! I WISH I COULD  
GET OUT THERE AND HELP THEM!

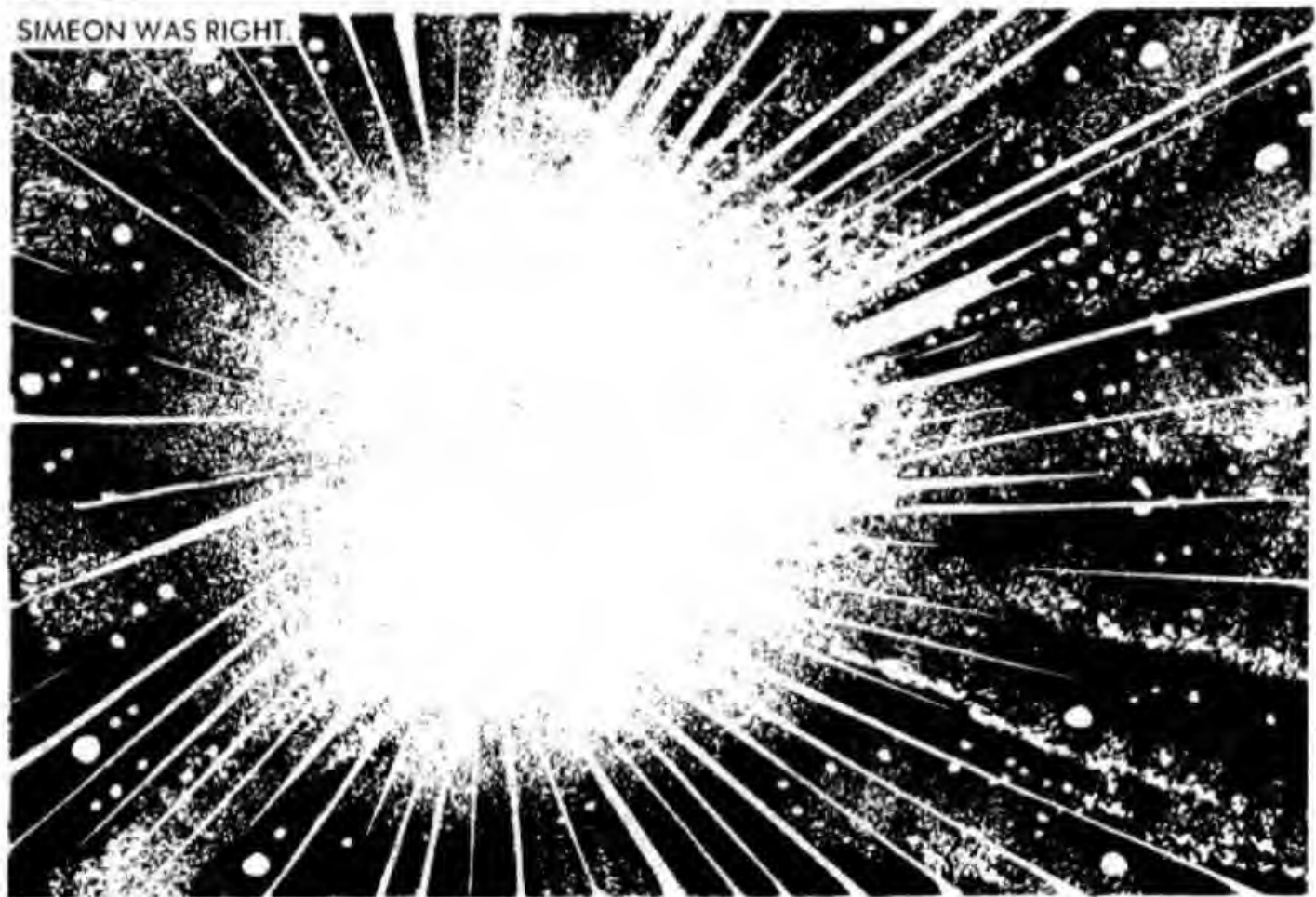
THE LAST REMAINING DRAK SHIPS  
TURNED AND FLED.



WHERE ARE THE  
HOSTAGES? IF  
THEY'RE IN THAT  
LAST SHIP, THE  
DRAKS WILL BLOW  
IT UP.



SIMEON WAS RIGHT.





THE LAST DRAK FRIGATE DISINTEGRATED IN A BLINDING FLASH.





THEY'RE GOING! SURELY THEY  
AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE!

FOR A MOMENT A GREAT STILLNESS HUNG OVER THE FIELD  
OF BATTLE, AND THEN, THE STARBINE LURCHED.



THE CRUISER'S TAKING ME UP INTO  
ITS HOLD. I WONDER IF THE  
FIGHTERS CAME FROM INSIDE IT!

ONCE INSIDE THE GIANT HOLD OF THE PROTAN CRUISER.



WELL, PUTE OLD FRUIT—WE'VE SURVIVED AGAIN. OR, AT LEAST, I HAVE. WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOU WHEN WE FIND THAT CRASHED STARFLEET SHIP.

BACK ON PROTA, SIMEON EMERGED FROM ONE HATCHWAY AND WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION COME OUT FROM ANOTHER.



AH! YOU MUST BE COMMANDER SIMEON! WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE THAT YOU WERE COMING JUST BEFORE THE DRAK CAPTURED US!








A STRANGE VOICE ECHOED ALL ROUND THEM.

YOU WERE BEAMED CLEAR, EARTH  
BEINGS... YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT US  
IS AMUSING. HOWEVER, YOUR AIMS ARE  
PEACEFUL AND YOU ARE ENTITLED TO AN  
EXPLANATION.











AND THE GREAT CRUISER  
BECAME A HOST OF SMALL FIGHTERS!  
NO WONDER WE COULDN'T SEE THE  
PROTA—THEY WERE ALL AROUND US  
ALL THE TIME!



YOU HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR THE  
DRAKS. THEY SHALL NEVER BE  
ALLOWED TO BE FREE OF US. THAT  
IS OUR TASK. WE ARE THE  
GUARDIANS OF PEACE AND OUR  
NAME IS DEATH TO EVIL.







TWO DAYS' WORK RESTORED THE STARBINE TO WORKING CONDITION. AT LAST, SIMEON THREW THE SWITCH THAT WOULD BRING PUTE BACK TO LIFE.



THAT WAS A MOST WELCOME REST.  
HAVE I MISSED ANYTHING  
INTERESTING?

NOT MUCH! COMPUTE A COURSE FOR EARTH...  
PUT STARBINE INTO BLAST OFF SEQUENCE.



STARBINE BLASTED AWAY FROM PROTA.

GOODBYE, PROTA!

FAREWELL, BRAVE ONE... MAY  
YOUR RETURN BE IN PEACE.

THERE ARE MANY LIFE FORMS IN THE VAST GALAXIES...  
SOME ARE PEACEFUL, AND SOME AREN'T. BUT IN THE  
END, GOOD WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.

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185 Fleet Street, London, EC4A 2HS. © D.C. THOMSON & CO. LTD., 1979.

**NOW THAT YOU'VE READ  
THIS**



**DON'T  
FORGET  
THAT  
THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
ONE THIS  
MONTH**

**IT'S ON SALE IN  
YOUR NEWSAGENT'S NOW!**



# STARBLAZERS

IN THE CONQUEST (11)  
OF SPACE



**On 12th August, 1962 the Russians launched Andrian Nikolayev into space in Vostok 3. As he passed over his launch base, the Russians launched Vostok 4, piloted by Pavel Popovich. It passed within miles of Vostok 3, performing a brief rendezvous. It was the first time two men had been in space at the same time.**